The
Banquett of Dainties:

for
all suche Gestes
~~that~~
love moderatt Dyate.

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Authoris in auxilium inuocatio.

YE sacred nymphs whose steps do trace
with fleres to and fro,
Ye sisters fayre whose princely grace
to bathing Fountes doe go.
Assist and ayde the slender minde,
whose earnest will is bent
By painefull toyle to him assigned
your fansie to content.
Mineruaes Lampe, dame Pallas cleare,
or Tritons touch stone true
Exile from breast all childish feare,
with wisedome mée indue.
To breath and blast in thundring verse,
such daintes as be rare,
Or iunckets fine, such to rehearse,
as Stewardes few prepare.
Conduct with pearle, adorned with stone,
inuironed with Golde:
A blasing Glasse to looke vpon,
or pleasaunt to beholde.
Direct Thalia quiuering quill,
Sicelides come nie

Ye ternall ſiſters (if ye will,)
assiſt me to replie.
Vnde trembling ioyntes, guid fantſie fræ,
to ſhewe hir ſimple ſkill,
And Phœbus chiefe helpe ſpædely,
my promiſe to fulfill.
So ſhall I paſſe, this toyling clogge,
and finiſh your deſire,
Soe ſhall I ſcape the lothſom logge,
and vnto ioyes aſpire.
Come nœre, we yeld to thy requeſt,
[illegible] graunted ſhall it bée.
I thanke ye dames that your behеſt,
vouchſafes to pleaſure mée.
I grœt you all farewell a whyle,
I thanke you euerichone,
This friendly Banquet to compyle,
my ſelfe ſhall take vpon.

FINIS.

Demoſthenes the Mayſter of the Banquet, Soſia his Stewarde.

FRiend Sóſia liſten and attend,
what newes I ſhall relate,
To this my phraſe this audit tend,
and marke thereof the ſtate.

I haue decréd for to conuiue,
the muſes euerie one,
With daintie meates, but firſt yle ſhriue
my ſelfe to thée alone.
I walking through the prate or gréene,
of Helicone that ſpring,
Theſe Lanterns bright did bew a quéene,
hir mate a princely King.
He deckt with flamed ſhyning beames,
or brightneſſe of the Sunne,
And from hir eyes large ſiluer ſtreames,
ſuppoſed were to runne.
The Quéene the regall King did call,
and termd him, Phœbus bright,
And after them enſewed all,
the muſes to my ſight.
Sicelides did formeſt trace,
their robes as gréene as graſſe,
And next Pyerides toke place,
as cleare as Chriſtall glaſſe.
Sicelides their ſcutchins bare,
vpon their humers hie,
Which wiſedome ſéemed to declare,
ſurmounting ſtarrie ſkie.
Ætherion Globes or circuits rounde,
Pyerides did holde,

Contayning sciences profounde,
be set with glistering Golde.
These sights delited much my minde,
so that I grædy was,
With serious toyle the place to finde,
through which their fæte did passe.
In dumps I tended to and fro,
the semits were obscure
Yet last I pressed for to goe,
where fansie did procure.
And Fansie Fansie lyke did lead,
to compliſh hir request,
And brought me straight vnto a bed,
where I did sæme to rest:
So deckt with pleasaunt Odours swæte,
a pleasure for to smell,
That sure I did suppose it mæte,
a season their to dwell.
Thus fansie yelding to delight,
I fell in slombring slæpe,
And waking, dames with Torches bright,
my corps did charely kæpe.
The one a fading Rose did beare,
dame beautie was hir name:
The other Fortune as you heare,
a blynde and fickle dame

With

With ẏ in Traunce my sprites were gast,
and Torchlight did amase
My lyuely sences almost past,
that staring I did gase.
Scarse breathing breathles was my heart,
and griefe did so assayle,
That sure I doubted pinching dart,
against me should auayle,
Then of a sodaine, beauties Rose,
was faded to the stalke,
And Lady Fortune, with hir glose,
constrayned was to walke.
For on the wale fayre written was,
that beautie is but vayne,
Which adage as it came to passe,
made beautie to refraine.
Than likewise in an other place,
dame Fortune was definde:
With nipping cuts for to deface,
hir pompe and loftie minde.
Insculped briefe, if that the blinde,
the blinde do séeme to lead,
The prouerbe true néedes must I finde,
moe fooles are brought to bed.
Thus winding not from midst my thrale,
wherein I cheyned was,

O formose puer, nimiũ ne crede colori.

Cicero. pares cum paribus facilime congregantur.

Alias, Similes habent labra lactucas.

Into a princelie court or hall,
by wandring, I did passe:
The roufe whereof was Iuorie bone,
the pillors beaten Golde,
The windowes deckt with pearle & stone,
full costly to beholde.
In midst whereof a Bath did spring,
which did my heart inflame,
So rather that than any thing,
I would haue tast the same.
Thus still desire did preste to proue,
the thing it wouldc attaine,
And eke my greedie minde did moue,
therein to take some paine.
I faynted like a feble hound,
and coueted to drinke,
But yet the liquors did rebound,
when lippes were at the brinke.
Lyke Tantalus I had dispayre,
which liues in dolefull payne,
Who when the waters proch him fayre,
they ebbe as fast agayne.
Thus gasing sometime here and there,
in midst of all my griefe,
Three Nymphes of sodaine did appeare,
which did mee much reliefe.

Chastitas,
Sapientia,
Scientia.

My Leach if this be manifest, Sosia.
which you protest as true,
I wonder much how you were blest,
such wondrous sightes to vew,
Spied you in middest of Christal streame,
thrée Ladyes passing glée?
I doubt your worship did but dreame,
effigies such to sée.
If Titans Chariot chase the skie, Demost.
throughout Auroraes race.
Then this as true none can denie,
I was in present place.
Then by request might boldnesse craue, Sosia.
a pardon at your hande,
With smiling face, & countnance graue,
their names to vnderstande.
Relation made approch me nie, Demost.
I graunt to thy request,
And finall thus I doe replie,
bicause I loue thée best.
Dame Sapience, first, thē chasted Quéene,
possest the second rayne,
And Lady Science to be séene,
last peared verie plaine,
Ech offered me a precious gift,
most wondrous to beholde,

But

But Science one my head did lift,
a crowne of perfect Golde
This done suche musicke did abounde,
as gast my sences all.
Soe that incontinent to grounde,
in Traunce my corps did fall.
Then at the latter pinch and eb,
of this my mortall lyfe,
When sisters black had shredde my web,
I longed for a wyfe.
The Muses hearing this my mone,
consented vnto mee
That verdit giuen of euery one,
straight wedded shoulde I bee,
Then, who coulde lyke mee shoulde mee
and whome I lykt agayne, (haue,
This they decreed, to keepe from graue,
the body nighe hand slayne.
These golden darlings markt mee well,
with fired eyes so ryfe,
And poynted Science last to dwell
with mee, for terme of lyfe
Content was pleasde, she gaue hir troth,
I coupled fayth and hand,
That whyle the ayre did feede vs both,
hir husbande would I stande.

Then

Then leade we were in sacred wise,
into the Temple swéete,
Where Vesta by hir wonted guyse,
did bath our tender féete.
Thus were we married, know the case
and this take by the way,
My wedding Banquet in this place,
I purpose here to day:
Therefore such Cates as costly be,
I charge thee to prepare,
And thus much more attend to mée,
thée daintie dishes rare.
Farre fet they say and dearely bought, Sosia.
fine daintrels doth delite,
Nowe euery corner must be sought,
to please their appetite
I runne, I trace, I fiske and iette,
I raunge from stréete, to stréete
To kill with Hauke, or catch with nete,
such wildfoule as I méete.
Trudge Sosia, trudge, festine with spéede,
thy pillors doe prepare,
But Lixa, see the hounds ye féede,
against we course the Hare.
I knowe not I, what Cates to buy,
for dainties common be

Such

Such diuers meates, vnfainedly,
as serueth ech degrée.

Demost. I pray thée zelously my friende,
search out the berie best,
For pérles dames I doe intend,
shall be my poynted gest.
Both Phessaunt, Plouer, Larke, & Quail,
with Rabbet, Succors yong,
Of dainties these let me not fayle,
with other rares among.
As Marchpaine, Chéese & Ginger gréene,
with sucket pleasaunt swéete,
Blauncht Almondes, as in court is séene,
for princely Ladyes, méete. (red,
Stewde Proynes, conserue of Cherries
Peares, Biskets, Suger fine,
With nectar dulce, since I am wedde,
by voyce of Muses nine,

Sofia. What Junckets call ye these I pray,
no dainties can they séeme,
For vulgar sort from day to day,
as common them esteéme.
They serue as fode for to sustaine,
the hungrie corps withall,
So that the Nimphes from them refraine,
as we refrayne from gall.

For

For sacred powers of starrie skie,
their natures doe consist,
Paying at pleasure pleasauntly,
to bath them where they list.
And sequent then for to conclude,
if they be soules aboue,
What whight their fauors to delude,
with earthly Cates would proue,
Therefore indeuour to inuent,
by cunning arte and skil,
Some daintie dish incontinent,
thy promise to fulfil.
For naughtes auayleth to prouide
great things of small effect,
Stay, stop therfore, pause and abide,
this zelous zeale reiect.
Thy iudgement soundeth to the eare, Demost.
with reason firme in deede,
And therefore greedy more to heare,
I pray thee to proceede.
Where foolish iudgement roteth deepe, Sosia.
and fondnesse beareth fruit:
There witlesse will is brought a sleepe,
by fansies feeble sute.
And then the prouerbes pronke is found. Sus Minerua.
Sus doth Mineruam teach,

There-

Therefore with bended knée to grounde,
graunt pardon learned leach.
For what I woulde, I can not say,
and what I can, I may not,
Therefore without longer delay,
procéede with spéede and stay not.

Demost. Why licence francke is graunted frée,
let pardon thée suffice,
Set dread a part, and shewe to mée,
the sprigges of thy deuise.

Sofia. Where ignorance doth lead the route,
and guide the ensigne frée:
There oftentimes it comes aboute,
that bloudie fildes we sée.
And therefore as you pardon graunt,
so pardon I request,
He is vnwise that séemes to vaunt,
on that he knoweth least.
For wisedomes loare to take in hande,
for Cokes it is vnfit,
And wisemen as you vnderstande,
will knowe before they knit.

Demost. Then tratting néede constraines to way,
a salue with posting spéede:
Harke, Sofia marke this present day,
I pray thée to procéede.

Vnto

Unto my place, consisting still,
mention for to frame
Whereby I may complet my will,
and bring about the same.
And I shall to the Temple hie,
the muses to implore
To ayde my wracked fantasie,
that then I might adore.
Thy seruaunts will is readie bente, Sofia.
to graunt to thy desire:
Beholde progresses doe relent,
and homewarde I retire.
Adew, farewell, farewell, adew, Demost.
Valeto Sofia mi,
Adew, adew, my friende so true
thy buseneſſe doe appli.
Farewell, in this though I be blinde, Sofia.
yet I may drawe my bowe,
In such a sorte to please thy minde,
and kill the craftie Crowe.

Exit Sofia.

Demosthenis quærimonia.

Where ebs, and flowes of painfull griefe Demost.
in siely ship did tosse
Of late my ghost, now misbeliefe
defines mine endleſſe losse.

In thraldomes thoze (I) rule the roſt,
in ſluctes of bliſſeſſe woe,
A pilloz oz a pzopping poſt,
my pleaſure I fozgoe.
Yet thoughe my fanſie naught can vaile,
naught trickling teares doe ſhowe,
But when that wilfull cares aſſaile,
I catch the ouerthzowe.
Therefoze ſince nothing is ſo dure,
but labour can attayne,
As Poems doe my bzeaſt aſſure,
I minde to take the payne.
And this I knowe he is vnmæte,
that will not taſt the ſower,
To be a guſter of the ſwæte,
in moment of an hower. (bind,

Scientia. Deare ſpouſe, what ſenſleſſe rage doth
thy wittes in ſuch a maze?
Chaſtitas & Sapientia. Dzelſe ..hat fogges of miſtie minde,
do cauſe thæ thus to gaze?
Demoſt. Deare dame, whoſe vertues manifold,
do penetrat the ſkie,
To bewe thy gliſtering eyes of Golde,
no man ſo glad as I.
As Science once, imbzace, imbzace,
with ſtretched armes thy deare,

And

And then he will define the case,
of this his heauie cheare.
Science is bounde to yéld by right, Scientia.
vnto hir friendly Lorde,
And therefore sée, with all my might,
to this I doe accorde,
Disclose therefore, thy secrets all,
take time while time may bée,
For Phœbus meane doth nigh hand call, Meridies.
prouision for to sée.
Prouision that, nædes must I wayle, Demost.
to thinke vpon the same,
For all my senses doe me kayle,
when dainties you doe name.
Where shall I find, a daintie dish:
where shall I any buy:
For dainties none of flesh nor fish,
in all the worlde I spie.
Great store, and plenteous plentie is Sapience.
contained euerie where,
Reioyce therefore we will not misse,
approch dame Wisdome neare.
O bliskull Nimph, O Lamp of truth, Demost.
O glistering Diamond bright,
In whome I hope and euer must,
the perfect Lanterne light.

I thanke thee thrice and ten times thrice,
I grate thee euermore,
That wisedome thyne, through thy deuise,
hath salude my present sore,
Where Science knits a perfect knot,
Chastitie. there Sapience taketh place,
And chasted lyfe deuoyde of spot,
doth gouerne all the race.
The sincere path, the rule of lyfe
by me prescribed is,
The comforte true of man or wyfe,
the endlesse state of blisse.
But briefly shewe what grieuous sore,
doth pester in thy minde,
That transingly still more and more,
no sistaunce thou dost finde:
Demost. Consider Jewels precious deare,
my purpose and intent,
Is to conuine, attend and heare,
the Muses with assent.
And Cates delicious to prouide,
I thinke it verie fit,
But more I seeke, the more as wyde,
the marke I can not hit.
Sapience. Learne well & marke, print in thy minde,
what Iuuenal doth wright,

By

By friendship true which rare I finde,
as nigred Swaunne to sight.
And this, examples doe approue,
yet one I wil declare,
As principall somewhat to moue,
thy clogged breast with care.
In friendship fraude is this ye knowe,
for Pompei was a friende,
And Fraude gaue Cæsar such a blowe,
that Friendship had no ende.
For ratling speach with great disdaine,
did frame suche sore debate,
That where as loue was wont to raigne,
insued deadly hate.
With roaring rage the Cannons rent,
and Martiall feates to trie,
Betwirt them both they did conuent,
in twinckling of an eye.
Here Pompei led his valiaunt host,
here marched he a mayne,
There valiaunt Cæsar seemed to bost,
himselfe with all his trayne.
Here Pompei gaue the onset fræ,
him Cæsar did withstand,
Here Iulius was constrayned to flée,
himselfe with all his band.

Iuuenal.
Rara auis in terris, nigroque simillima Cygno,

Pompeius followed for a space,
and then did backe retire,
Reporting that a boy to chase,
was last he did desire.
When Pompey thought he had the best,
and doubted naught at all,
Then Cæsar as a sausie gest,
for bloudie warre did call.
His ensigne boldely to display,
he prest with speare and shielde,
Bestowing in a comely ray,
his armie in the fielde.
Of hautie minde, of courage stoute,
of stomack stiffe and bouldе,
By whome his souldiars had no doubt,
the conquest for to houlde.
When worde came to Pompeius eare,
howe euerie case did stande,
With liuely hope deuoyd of feare,
he toke his charge in hande.
As manly as Beterophon,
fierce Cæsars might to trie,
A knight in stole Armigeron,
on him to liue or die.
The Trumpets sounded out full shrill,
the onset was begunne,

No worde was there but slay and kill,
from morne till glead of Sunne.
Pompeius feete began to faile,
his knées to earth did bende,
Yet valiauntly he did not quaile,
but forwarde bidde to tende.
Declaring that the grounde did quake,
friendly his manhod to salute,
And questing them to take,
the wordes he did impute.
The souldiars grædie of their pray,
set all at fire and seauen,
And fought so cruell that same day,
the strokes did sounde to Heauen.
The bewers of this dreadfull fight
compared it to bee,
Coequall to the eclipsed light,
that in the ayre we see.
But fickle Fortune chaunged at last,
by turning of hir wheele,
Pompeius state, that nowe agast,
compeld he was to reele.
To him, whome once he did restore,
exiled from his raigne,
That nowe with sceptet in his Thore,
he bare the sway agayne.

This prince as soone as he did see
Pompeius once his friend,
For friendship his did straight decree,
of him to make an end.
But first in courtious sort and skill,
he friendly did him greete,
And for to cloake his spitefull will,
he met him in the streete,
Then feasting him with rost meat free,
he beat him with the Spit,
And sent him forth most Judasly,
as he supposed fit.
To shewe him pleasure to his paine,
as it did well appeare,
For on the water he was slayne,
which murthering did not feare,
And straight presented for a gift,
to Cæsar, Pompeius head,
Thus fickle Fortune drive the drift,
that chaunge of choyse did lead.
Here friendship fleeted by disdaine,
for Pompei proved true,
Which for his trustinesse full plaine,
bad fading lyfe adue,
And whome he counted least his foe,
and for his chiefest frinde,

By wilfull hap it chaunced soe,
did kill him in the ende.
And Ouid sayth if riches flowe,
and honour thou obtayne,
Soe long the winde with thée wil blowe,
and friends to thée remayne,
But when the day is ouercast,
with clouds from Fortunes throne,
Then will false friends from thée fast,
and leaue thée all alone.
Therfore a daintie dish it is,
a trustie wight to finde,
Which in a tempest will not misse,
to proue to the full kinde,
True, Lodvvicke sleepes in tõbe of stone,
his carcas wrapt in leadde,
And Alexander true is gon,
subiect to earthly bedde,
Nowe counterfets, which friendly beare,
two faces in one hoode,
With cloakes dissembling doe appeare,
to sucke our friendly bloude.
In stead of loue, there hatred growes,
where truth shoulde take a place,
Their sweltring waues & scourges flow,
of spitfull Fortunes face.

Ouidius.
En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis: Dum flauit velis aura secunda meis: vt fera nymboso tumueruut æquora vẽto: In medijs lacera puppe relinquor aquis.

The strongest Oke is seldome sure,
and soonest ouerthrowne,
The friend which friendly did indure,
at last away is blowne.
The brother pareth for to glose,
his brother to beguile,
And friends are chaunged ofte to foes,
within a little whyle.
Thus therefore for bycause I know,
and likewise plainely sée
Thy Banquet thinne, I will bestow
this daintie dish on thée.
That séeke abroad and seldome finde,
a trustie friend in déede,
To whom thou mayest declare thy minde,
when time requireth néede.

Demost. Of dainties all I must consent,
this daintie for to bée,
For friendships Bow is seldome bent,
the proufe we daylie sée.
I thanke thée Sapience from the heart,
if it lie in my lotte,
Thy gentlenesse which heales my smart,
shall neuer be forgot.

Sapientia, And I doe muse what diligence,
as children doe bestowe,

Their

Their parents for to recompence,
with honor that they owe.
For dutie due, is fledde away,
and humblenesse is gon,
And true obedience at this day,
is colder than the stone.
Unbrideled youth, hath no delite,
dame Vertue to imbrace,
But still indevour with their might,
hir braunches to deface.
Goe bewe abroad in everie coast.
and séeme a childe to traine
In Godly lyfe, and all is lost,
within a yeare or twaine.
As Ploughmen rude they doe prepare,
king Neroes séede to sowe,
Whose devillish fansie had the care,
his mothers wombe to know.
And trayned hir euen as the sheepe,
are trayned to their bayne,
Who falling in a slombring sléepe,
with bloudie knyfe was slayne.
For Nero slit hir secret woombe,
to sée if he coulde spie,
The tender cell, or chaitrie Tombe,
where he was wont to lye.

Such

Such small regarde had he vnto,
his tender mothers breast,
That beastly nature made him doe,
the thing she doubted least.
Euen lyke I say at present stint,
the worlde is neuer other,
So that the childrens breast as flint,
is stonie to the mother.
For when the parents taking paine,
at last doe ware full olde,
The children wish to haue them slayne,
that they might haue their Golde.
Now plaine deceit, hath chose a seate,
now falshode rules the lande,
Nowe loue is colde, now children threat,
their parents to withstande,
How manie buddes of humaine seede,
howe manie sonnes remaine,
That will about their fayres procéede,
to cause their fathers gayne?
Nay euery man is fully bent,
his propper Chestes to fill,
So that they care not with assent,
if that their father spill.
Where spring the braunches of the tree,
where Isaac was the rote?

Where

Where shall you finde a simile
to set by him his foote.
If any aunswere in this case,
then nusquam he must say,
For well I knowe that Phœbus face,
doth foster none to day.
For plyant was he at a becke,
and readie at a call,
To take a Faggot one his necke,
to sacrifice withall.
And when as Abraham did declare,
howe Isaac néedes must die,
Most willingly he did prepare,
and woulde hint not denie.
But paciently he toke the crosse,
and knéeled on his knée,
Beleuing that this mortall losse,
was but a fonde decrée.
What children nowe woulde pleased bée,
if this you should request?
Or who would yéelde so quietly,
to graunt to your behest?
They be not borne, nor lyue by breade,
throughout the worlde I sée,
That couet rather to be dead,
than leaue this worldly glée.

Than

Then farther to the whole effect,
and search the pithie style,
And tell mée if you doe respect,
what newes within a whyle.
He was obedient, in so much
his parents did him showe,
The doctrine pure, of Scriptures such,
whereby the Lorde we knowe,
They framde his steps to vertues trace,
they learnde him how to knit,
The perfect webbe, of heauenly grace,
they rulde him with a bit.
They made him to suppresse desire,
his tongue they sought to tame,
Bicause of little sparkes of fyre,
procéedeth forth a flame.
They kept with rod of wisedomes schoole,
his childhode in such awe,
That carnall blindnesse wared colde,
so well he knewe the lawe.
They did discharge their duelies right,
they let him not to stray,
But causde him with an humble spright,
to wander day by day.
His othes were nay, his swearing yée,
adherent to the worde,

His

His dealing was from craft full frée,
as ſcriptures doe accorde.
Why: then by this you ſéeme to proue, Demoſt.
faultleſſe the childe to bée.
Not ſo but fanſie did mée moue, Science.
both faultes to let thée ſée.
For if the Colt might ſéeme to raunge,
and neuer to be broken,
The Bit and Bridle would be ſtraunge,
this is a certaine token.
And therefore ſince that euerie man,
is faultie, thinke no leſſe,
But that the childe, doe what he can,
is but a ſinfull geſſe.
Yet if the wounde were nere ſo ſore, Omni mor-
a ſalue is to be founde, bo paratur
Which though it feſter more and more, medicina,
at laſt will make it ſounde.
But where as ſuffrance ſéemes to ra'gne,
all for a little eaſe,
Their ſtraight inſueth grieuous paine,
the former griefe to peaſe.
As proufe by this we haue in hande,
thy fanſie to ſuffiſe,
Where parentes will not vnderſtande,
their childrens wicked guiſe.

But

But if they once begin to growe,
in rypenesse of their sinne,
Though they their wicked haūt do knowe,
they maintaine them therein.
That rype, sone rotten when they bée,
then fadeth duetie due,
So that their folly as ye sée,
doth cause themselues to rue.
And therefore, should they put in vre,
the wisemans saying mylde,
So long as breath doth lyfe procure,
let chastment rule the childe,
For duetie slips, a good cause why,
the parentes make and marre,
Soe that this vertue certainely
must nedes be absent farre.
Thus what by Tutours fondnesse blinde,
and nature of the sprigge,
The humble braunches starke I finde
vnpryant is the twigge.
Therefore this daintie for a dish,
of right thou mayst prepare,
For which a man maye often wish,
but is reported rare,
As much to saye, obedience flame,
and inward heat is colde,

So

So that an humble chylde by name,
no man can once beholde.
For fansie leades their thoughtes astray,
and wilfull will is bent,
The righteous chyldren for to play,
with prodigall assent.
That is as long as any note,
of vertue doth remayne,
They lashe and lavish all a flote
till it be gon agayne.
The path that Ioseph walked in,
is not for them to walke,
For why, their vertues verie thinne,
are faded to the stalke.
Abromnicio pleades their case,
with sanguine sworde in hand,
A Justice diet in common place,
all goodnesse to withstand.
Thus pilgrime like, their race they runne,
to no good point at all,
But as the Wax against the Sunne,
doth melt away, they fall.
That seldome sure or not at all,
an humble childe to finde,
A man may travaile where he shall,
let this content thy minde.

And serue this for a second messe,
which I to thée assigne,
Wicause thou dost pretend as gesse,
to feast the Muses nine.

Demost. What ioyes vnto my breast aspire?
what gladnesse nowe doth raigne?
Hir speach hath set my heart one fyre,
hir talke hath ridde my payne.
A daintie dishe it is in déede,
a seruice harde to sée,
Where as the childe doth render méede,
with lowly bended knée,
Unto his auncient fathers head,
where siluer haires doe growe,
For children nowe are better fedde,
than taught, full well I knowe.
Doth not experience flat define
the Parse constrayned to bowe?
Unto hir Cradell oftentime,
which right doth not alowe.
Yes, right is wrong, and wrong is right,
vnkindnesse cloake is kind,
The light is darke and darkenesse light,
the eyes that sée be blind.
Thus dainties twayne I haue, but yet
the thirde is to be sought,

Which

Which, if that I coulde seeme to get,
full soone it shoulde be bought.
Neyther can Golde attaine the same, Chastitie.
but serious payne and toyle,
Nor princely money beare the name,
without a feruent broyle.
For coyne herein doth naught preuaile,
I meane in wisedomes loze,
The scaling of the walles t'assaile,
where Science keepes the doze.
And therefoze since as Authozs olde,
when they prepare to wzite,
Their learned Tables doe vnfolde,
whereby they should indite.
Not otherwise by course I will
if thou with heed attend,
Indeuour with a simple skill,
the thirde dish foz to ende.
I muse and muse, in what degree,
as trustie wyfes doe stande,
For well I spie, and plainely see,
few faithfull in the lande.
They loue a whyle, the prouerbe olde
to them may be replyed,

Theyr loue so whot is quickly colde,
it can not be denyed.
Where resteth faithfull Sara now,
where is Rebecca pure,
Whose bended knees full ofte did bowe,
hir husbands griefe to cure?
Where is Ioachims faithfull wyfe,
Susanna calde by name,
Of whome dame vertues braunches ryfe,
did worke a worthy fame.
First Saraes purpose and intent,
to God was to accorde:
And secondly with one assent,
to please hir faithfull Lorde.
Rebecca, sought by charie charge,
hir husbandes quiet ease,
And wrought all meanes for to inlarge,
a salue his eye to pease.
Susannaes care was firmely cast,
hir chaste vowe to keepe,
Despising euerie carnall blast,
that lulo the soule a sleepe.
For when the elders did conspire,
their pleasure blynde to haue,

By filthy luſt of fleſhly fire.
which made them ſo to raue.
That proching nie, hir bathing place,
vnto hir they did runne,
With flattering ſtyle, and craftie face,
their purpoſe to haue done.
The beames of grace did ſo inſpire,
hir worthy chaſted minde,
That crackling ſparkes of fonde deſire,
hir ſoule coulde neuer blinde.
She rather chuſed for to dye,
to pleaſe their ſinfull luſt,
Than to conſent moſt forcedly,
to breake hir promiſe iuſt,
Loe here the fruite of faithfull ſtate,
loe, here both truſt and hope,
Loe, here dame vertue with hir mate,
doth ſeeme to tende hir ſcope.
Doth preſent time the lyke declare,
are women now ſo true,
Vnto their faith to haue a care,
and eke their dutie due?
Nay faith is fledde, nay faith is dead,
nay faith is layed full lowe,

For euery wight, with vrgent spight,
giues fayth the ouerthrowe.
Nowe Venus doth hir banquets make,
and lust with painted booke.
Procæds herein the paynes to take,
hir darlings names to looke,
Then first approcheth to his hande,
the watryed femall knot,
And nigh to hir there seemes to stande,
the Maidens crazed pot.
So that as guider of this ray,
the harlot Pride is chiefe,
And Venus as a rector stay,
doth ayde them with relieue.
Then Cupid with his bended Bowe,
dischargeth forth his dart,
Upon those vessels weake and lowe,
that taketh Venus part.
Thus wyues doe raunge in woefull sort,
thus snarring they doe iarre,
In leauing of their Thalame sport,
to hunt the For a farre.
I will not say that all their might
doth giue their bodyes free,

In

In leauing of the perfect light,
of Venus court to bée.
For I their Odours so doe smell,
that néedes I must suppose,
Their filthy shape, with hir to dwell,
that vertue doth repose.
Of wedlocke many breake the band,
that linked is so fast,
Shall we, say they, as trustie stand
to one whyle lyfe doth last.
Not so, and why bicause that shame,
is chaced from their minde,
That shameleste lyke their chasted name,
they dimme, and mussell blinde.
Or at the least if Venus net,
their fansie can not moue,
They doe indeuour for to get,
a salue for their behoue.
That is the Pehens proude to play,
the victorie to obtaine,
By which they hope an other day,
their husbands to disdaine.
With chasing broyle, and hyding checks,
they doe indeuour still,

To clogge and poke their marits neckes,
that they might haue their will.
For one word twaine, for two words three,
they practise and intend,
And all is for the masterie
to purchase in the ende.
Thus as the olde Cocke oft doth crowe,
the Cockrill learnes apase,
With notes full shrill his voice to showe,
in euerie meeting place.
For damsels deck their hearts with pride,
and vaunt themselues so hie,
That all their care one euerie side,
is vertue to denie.
They make a gibe, and iesting stocke,
at such as doe despise
Their wicked factes, they grine and mock,
at euerie good deuise.
For if their chaffed lyfe beare sway,
till twentie yeares be past,
Or one and twentie and a day,
that number is the last.
For banquets then of Venus kinde,
they conet to attaine,

Then

Then Virgins Lamp is ſtrocken blinde,
and chaſtitie is ſlayne.
Thus wyfes be maſters as ye ſée,
and maſters made the ſote,
So as before for victorie,
to ſtriue it is no bote.
Here as the reſt hath giuen to thée,
a daintie diſh, ſo I
To pleaſe thy fainting fantaſie,
the thirde will not denie.
That ſéeke to finde a truſtie wyfe,
and trauaile thyne is loſt,
For many fragile be full ryfe,
but faithfull fewe can boſt.
A truſtie friend an humble childe, Demoſt.
a faithfull wyfe ſay yée:
I doe adiure by Marie milde,
theſe verie daintie bée.
Now when it pleaſe, therefore to heare,
the Iunckets I ſuppoſe,
Moſt fitteſt for this royall chéere,
the ſame I will diſcloſe.
Firſt gaze I muche where Iuſtice true,
doth plead the poore mans caſe.

And

And right is rendred, where as due
shoulde seeme to haue a place.
For money makes them treade a wrie,
and turnes the Cat in panne,
That shoulde pronounce the equitie,
to euerie kinde of man.
Then secondly much more I muse,
where crafts men lyue vpright,
Their ballaunce equally to vse,
to euerie simple wight,
And last of all where shall we spy,
the seruants to fulfill,
The sedes of seruice faithfully,
to please their masters will.
I doubt them all, yet may they be,
when as the sea doth flame,
Or else I thinke assuredly,
fewe such doe beare a name.
Thus nowe I iudge my selfe well sped,
therefore I heartly pray,
That you would take the paynes to lead
dame Science home to day.
And I the Muses euerie one,
will bidde vnto this feast,

But

But bound to you all three alone,
I couet for my geast.
I Wisedome, Science by the palme, Sapience.
will guide vnto the place,
And sacred chaste lyke so calme,
shall not absent hir face.
Make hast therefore and stay not long,
with spæde returne agayne,
Request of Pallas vs among Exeunt.
to dyne to take the payne.
Doubt not, what as your zelous will Demost.
requesteth for to haue,
To complish, yle indeuour still,
and Tritons friendship craue.
O withering grasse, O fragile shade,
O slipperie Tower high,
Whose honor as the Hay doth fade,
in twinckling of an eye.
Where naughts but vanitie doth dwell,
and beames of vertue flie,
A lurcking denne, a hollow cell,
complet with miserie.
Repent, with sobbing sighes lament,
your frowarde deuilish Art,

Least

Least sodenly that you be shent,
of limboe taking part,
From which repentaunce may you bring
a holesome salue and guide,
To rest with that eternall King,
whose glorie doth not glide.
Well, tyme doth wish me to prepare,
To seeke to Muses nine,
To gust and tast of dainties rare,
which you haue heard vs signe.
And in meane season I commend
you to the shepheard true,
In whome saluation without ende,
doth rest, and thus adue.

FINIS.